

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

I seldom have the pleasure of arguing with myself or of endeavoring to confute the logic on this page, but last week an article by my friend "P. T." with regard to the Birchall case, gives me an opportunity of expressing an adverse opinion. I was absent from the city during the few days prior to publication and my friend was kind enough to contribute a fraction of his opinion as supplementary comment on the week's doings. He is one of the men I have known long and esteem highly. I'm sure no tenderer editorial heart beats in the Dominion of Canada than that of "P. T." He would walk a block out of his way to avoid stepping on a potatoe bug, and I do not admire his gentle nature less because my own is not inclined to the sparing of objectionable lives or the preserving at public expense of a dangerous character. Once when we were editorially associated, I as editor and he as assistant, I favored the execution of Riel. He, more controlled by his heart than by his head, detested the idea of any human life being destroyed when the sacrifice could not restore to loved ones those who had been lost. So conscientious was he in the matter that he refused to write any articles advocating the execution of the twice-condemned rebel. I wrote them myself and I think he was heartily ashamed of being on the paper when they appeared. It really gave me pleasure to see this same gentle nature burst out in defence of that moral idiot Birchall, though just a week previous I had made a comparison suggesting that if the devil were in jail waiting for execution a popular petition could be obtained for a reprieve. My old friend cares nothing for sarcasms. He loves the whole human family and hates to see the worst member of it removed. Even what he wrote indicated that his reason had been convinced of Birchall's guilt, though his heart rebelled against the idea of an execution, and he quibbled because the evidence had been largely circumstantial. Now I admit that our reason may make very great errors, and when we are surest that we are right we are very often wrong; but unless we act when we are certain, and when the evidence seems good, we should not act at all. His plea probably would be that we should leave the man on earth, and if anything transpired to prove his innocence we should let him go; but he forgets that the man isn't worth letting go, that he is better dead than alive under any circumstances, and that if we don't hang him for killing Benwell we might very properly put him to death on general principles. He is no good to himself, to his relatives, to his country, to the human family, to the brute family, or any other family; if he lives he will be eating an honest man's bread, and if he is dead he won't be occupying room which a better man might fill. Notwithstanding this is my opinion so often urged in these columns that readers of SATURDAY NIGHT can make no error concerning it, yet I like to see a man's nature as gentle as a girl's, fighting bravely on behalf of one who is unworthy of the second thought of anyone who is fit to live, because it is inspired by the same tender instinct which leads a loving wife to cling to a worthless husband, and without the existence of that instinct how many of us would be poor, unlovely, unloved and unhappy sojourners in a country where the multitude would tread us under foot.

A personal bitterness has characterized the onslaughts made by the *Telegram* upon our municipal government, and the wisdom of the editors or whoever has inspired the ravages of the paragraphs, must be questioned, yet the fact remains that much damaging truth has been stated, and most serious accusations made. I should not be willing to allege that proof has been adduced in every instance, but the paper has made out a most damaging case against the rulers who have been in charge for the past few years. Had it been separated from the bitterness and bitterness which made

it readable and in some cases amusing, it would have had a very much greater effect. Even under the circumstances the comparison of the expenditure of a few years ago in the matter of municipal salaries with that of to-day, is enough to alarm the tax-payer and make him cast about for some means of escaping the burden which is already so heavy and which is annually being increased. The citizens had imagined that the Waterworks department at least had been reformed, and the *Telegram* in its eagerness to make out a good case for Mr. James Bejoyful Boustead, insisted on observing due respect in making any reference to that section of the civic government. Now we are shown that we are paying most extravagant rates, that other cities in a like

racket, and, as is frequently the case, some of them made asses of themselves, and very objectionable asses too. Yet neither the press, the police nor the people, should begin to cry for a suppression of the youthful instincts and animal spirits of the thousands of young fellows who, when they leave their books for a few hours, are apt to make more noise and occupy more space than seems to be proper. I like the students and when I hear them coming I like them so well that I give them plenty of room, for I know how I used to act myself, and I don't care to try to carry a silk hat through any such procession. They are all right. The exuberance which makes them disagreeable to people of a retiring disposition, is only a portion of that energy which is to make them

can Government's tariff reprisal upon the United States. Now it must not be supposed that the Mexican trade is worthless or the Mexican people few, or the wealth of their country inconsiderable. It is the habit of the majority to ridicule the "Greaser," as the Mexican is called, but this term applies only to a hybrid race in New Mexico. The supposition that the foreign trade of Mexico is not worth fighting for is based on ignorance. England and Germany have long had precedence in what was once the land of the Aztecs, the traders of those countries frequently giving the Mexican merchant from six to eighteen months credit, and, despite the reputation of the Mexican for dishonesty, finding it profitable. In that country no man is so hated as

and from the antiquities which present themselves to the traveler, it has evidently been the abode of either the gods or those who believed in them.

The recent convention at Brantford of Sunday school workers oddly enough crystallized an idea of mine more than once expressed, that being religious by proxy has been carried to such an extent that paid Sunday school teachers is the next thing to be expected. Mr. L. C. Peake advocated the establishment of normal schools for Sunday school teachers. This is, in entire harmony with the proxy idea. We hire preachers to tell us what we believe, to pray for us and tell us how; to be good, salaried singers praise for us the God from whom all blessings flow and Sunday school pedagogues train our children to abstain from crime and behave themselves generally. Religious training of the juvenile idea is nearly all done in Sunday schools at present because parents are too careless or too lazy and there are many who would like the task relegated to the secular schools in order to make it still easier for themselves. If it is proper to delegate our religious duties as parents to Sunday school teachers or day school teachers, it is fitting that such teachers should be properly trained, and if properly trained they must be paid, and at this point Mr. Peake's idea looms up as eminently right. Can't the thing be carried a little further? Some people find themselves embarrassed at personal prayer in the privacy of their closet or by their bedside, as the case may be. Recollections of little transactions during the past day make them feel reluctant in approaching the throne of grace. Why should not trained petitioners be provided by each church, who, under contract, would agree to present the claims and desires of the parishioners to the Almighty, thereby becoming, as it were, attorneys at the Supreme Court of the Universe for sinners who desire to file their claim or prove an alibi. Such a profession would be profitable. Those lacking in eloquence or argumentative faculties would be glad to engage a professional supplicant, and I can't see why, if this proxy idea has anything in it, that an eloquent petitioner who could present the facts in proper shape and be conclusive in his statements should not earn fees greater than those paid in any secular court. To facilitate this idea I suggest an Osgoode Hall to properly train the spiritual attorneys in their profession. If this idea is carried to its proper conclusion, mankind will have nothing to do but support the churches and Sunday schools, and, after hiring an attorney-at-prayer, be as wicked as is possible within legal limits. Truly the progress of the century is something wonderful.

The rumor, which is, perhaps, poorly founded, that Mr. W. R. Meredith is to be taken into Sir John's cabinet and prepared for the Dominion leadership, pleases me. William Ralph Meredith is one of the most lovable men and cleanest politicians in America. Anything that suggests his promotion or the elevation of politics to the point where he could be a factor in the cleansing and government of this country should be hailed by everybody as desirable. Should Sir John die—and it must be admitted that his years cannot be many—Mr. Meredith is the

only man in the Conservative ranks in the province of Ontario who is generally trusted and who could carry Ontario. That this must be important in deciding the question of the leadership seems to me a fact.

The king of Holland has been declared physically fit, but mentally unfit, to reign. How well this applies to the majority of Toronto aldermen.

The Mimico boomers are at it again. Those who remember what I wrote some time ago with regard to suburban filibustering, cannot forget the fulfilment of my predictions with regard to the effect upon legitimate investors in real estate in Toronto proper. Circumstances have not changed in any way to make



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respect are paying much less for a larger supply of water obtained under much more difficult conditions, that the salaries of those employed have been doubled in ten years, and there is nothing left for us to believe but that our Waterworks department, not only in the past but at the present hour, was and is, monumental of aldermanic and departmental ignorance and waste. That the *Telegram* has failed to prove itself well founded in some of its personal preferences has been seen, that it has made out a damning case against the whole civic government must be admitted. Now is an appropriate time to ask the newspapers and the citizens generally Boss Tweed's famous question: "What are you going to do about it?"

The students have been raising another

great if they ever achieve greatness. If we are to have a college city we must give the boys a chance, and if the boys are to have a chance they must not abuse it. The way to make a crowd of students act uproariously is to crowd them on the street. The way to make them behave themselves is to give them a proper show and when they go too far, appeal to them as an organization to suppress the rowdies who disgrace their ranks, and it will be done. All noisy students are not rowdies any more than all rowdies are noisy students, and I would respectfully suggest to the boys that they haze or in some way subdue the Freshies and Smart Alecks who got the whole fraternity into disgrace.

I see the papers are making fun of the Mex-

ican "Gringo," the Yankee; they have not forgotten Monterey. They are imitative. I remember when I first went in there I paid \$66.66 duty on an old baggage wagon which cost me \$50 in Kansas City. The protective idea has been extant for many years; they charged ten cents per yard duty on white cotton worth six cents, thirteen or fourteen years ago, and if infant industries are protected anywhere they are in Mexico and they stick to it. Those who imagine that the duty on cattle and grain is an ephemeral measure will find themselves mistaken. The whole of Mexico would starve, from Porfirio Diaz, the President, down to the humblest peon, before they would pay a cent of tribute to Yankeeedom. It is a great country with climate and scenic accessories such as I would imagine the gods would choose,



me feel sorry for my statements, and I feel sure that those really concerned in the permanent prosperity of the city, must hope that the revival of the Mimco boom will prove a failure.

I believe as a rule Toronto people take their holidays at the wrong time of the year. Except for those who are fond of fishing and camping our city is as pleasant a place for summering as any I know of, but when we have such winters as old Probs has been giving us for the past few years, there is much to be complained of particularly by people who are not over strong. At this time of the year what would be pleasanter than to fly from the cold rains and raw winds to some sunnier clime and amidst orange groves, banana trees and pine-apple plantations, enjoy a second summer. Of course those whose means are limited could enjoy a summer holiday in Muskoka, camping on the Island or the shores of the lakes, while it is impossible for them to travel the great distance necessary to find tropical warmth in the winter. But there are many who are substantially rich who never think of going away for the winter, many middle aged business men who have had their noses at the grindstone since their youth and have now no necessity for protracting their toll, but stay at home and shorten their days on the plea that they can't leave their business. This excuse would be enough perhaps to those who are wedded to the making of money were it not that their inattention to their health and the possibilities of rest and recuperation, shorten their lives and then they have to leave everything behind them with no chance of coming back in the spring. Then again, the wives of these men deserve better treatment than they get, for to no one is a tropical winter more grateful than to the worn-out woman who has suffered all sorts of deprivations in order to make the fortune which is now spent on a big house and other things which worry rather than rest a spirit which sighs for peace more than for excitement.

Travel too is broadening and as an educator has no rival. Many parents who have delicate children fear to take them out of school and go south with them for the winter, when as a matter of fact they would acquire more knowledge by seeing strange people and places than they could obtain at school in two or three years; and there is a certain polish and ease which comes of an acquaintance with the world and this can be had more easily by travel than in any other way. It is a popular error that this portion of training should come after a wide knowledge of books has been obtained. I am thoroughly convinced that those who see something of the world in their youth will find a greater meaning in what they read, will remember it better, and put it to far greater use than those who after their habits are formed and their system saturated with prejudices, go abroad to criticize instead of to learn.

Toronto should be both glad and sorry that Montreal has become interested in the redistribution of seats in the Federal Parliament. If Toronto had her share we would have nine members—and we would have had our representation largely increased had not the Government felt sure that Montreal would make further demands. As Quebec is the basis of representation for the Dominion, it is very difficult for Montreal to get its fair share, it being impossible to increase the total number of members elected in that Province. This seems however, a poor reason why Toronto should have but three for nearly two hundred thousand people, while London has one for less than twenty thousand, Hamilton has two for fifty thousand, Kingston one for not much more than fifteen thousand, and the basis of the rural constituencies is about twenty thousand. Montreal should not be made our pattern. If it is rep. by pop. let it be so. Urban electors are quite as intelligent as those in rural communities, and there is no reason why a vote in Tamarac township should be four times as influential in electing a member of parliament as a vote in Toronto. Toronto has always been so loyal to Sir John that he feels that he is privileged to overlook our claims, and he overlooks them continuously, sometimes, it seems to us, almost contemptuously. On the other hand, Toronto has always been so unitedly and so consistently opposed to Mr. Mowat that he has arranged our representation so that we really have but one member. The minority representative is elected by act of Parliament, and his vote cancels one of the two elected by the people, thus practically leaving us but one. There is no doubt that we are the worst represented city in the Dominion both as to numbers and men. Our members fight for the Government instead of for us and we get left and will continue to get left until we speak in a different tone of voice to our political friends and make a much stronger fight against our political enemies.

#### Social and Personal.

Miss Marjorie Campbell's first reception of this season was a most delightful one. The guests were received by Miss Campbell, assisted by Miss Strang, Commander Law and Mr. Harcourt Vernon. Excellent music was a marked feature of the reception, and refreshments were served in the prettily-decorated hall-room, which was carpeted for the occasion. Miss Campbell's gown was a simply-fashioned one of white nun's veiling with trimmings of gold passementerie, and she carried a cluster of roses and maiden-hair fern. Among those present were Mrs. Mowat, Lady Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Mrs. Allan Cassels, Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Langton, Mrs. C. R. W. Diggar, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Edin Howard, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mrs. A. Munro Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Morrison, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, the Misses Beatty, Miss Cosby and Mrs. Sweatman.

Mr. T. G. Blackstock of Sherbourne street entertained a number of friends at dinner on Tuesday evening, prior to his departure for England.

J. K. Kerr gave a dinner party on Thursday of last week. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Gaovali, Miss Waterspoon of Quebec,

Miss Fitzgibbon, Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Scott, Mr. Casimir Dickson and Mr. Cronyn.

Mrs. Wragge welcomed guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

Cards are issued for a dance to be given by the commandant and officers of the School of Infantry on November 19.

Mrs. Alexander Cameron gave a large At Home on Monday afternoon; she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Eber Ward, her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Cameron and Miss Helen Hugel of Port Hope, Mrs. Cameron, was handsomely attired in rich black duchesse satin; Mrs. Eber Ward, in a paraisian robe of silver gray and corn color silk most artistically combined; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, wore white and canary color; and Miss Hugel, white and gold embroidery. The music was a rare treat being professionals of the highest standing. Amongst the very many who accepted Mrs. Cameron's hospitality were: Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Lappin, Mrs. A. Langmuir, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Small, Miss Walker, Mrs. J. Foy, Mrs. Smith, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Miss Armour, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. and the Misses Beatty, Judge and Mrs. McDougall, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Bickford, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Greene, Mrs. James Crowther, the Misses McKellar, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. Cosby, Miss Hoskins, Mr. A. Hoskins, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. P. Hodgins, the Misses Hugel, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, the Misses Cawthra, Mrs. W. Brouse, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. and Miss Beardmore, Mrs. Dawson, Miss Crooks, and Mrs. Cumberland.

Mrs. Cecil Lee gave an afternoon tea on Tuesday, November 4, which was very enjoyable. Among those present were Mrs. Willie Ince, the Misses Gooderham, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Mrs. Arthur and Miss Greene.

Mrs. Rutherford of Jarvis street welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Saturday last. Among those present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Miss Dupont, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Mrs. Bickford, Miss Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, Miss Bunting, Miss Michie, Miss Alice Fuller, Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Joseph Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. George Michie, Mr. Pilon, Mr. Ross, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. Griffin, Major Harrison, Mr. Spratt and Mr. Edward Bickford.

Mrs. A. B. Aylesworth of Madison Avenue welcomed a small company to a dance on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. K. Osborne of Brantford is the guest of Mrs. Fraser Macdonald on Avenue Road.

On Hallowe'en the members of the Caledonia Society of Toronto held their annual dinner at the Walker House. A sprig of heather was proudly worn by each one present, and the company marched to the dining-hall to national music proceeding from the skillfully managed bagpipes. Toasts and songs went the rounds and the loyal Scotsmen dispersed at an early hour in the morning satisfied that they had kept the evening in a fitting way.

The Grenadier Assemblies are much talked of and the first one held last evening was certainly deserving of all praise. A full account will be given in next week's issue.

Thursday evening of last week the opening conversations of the Ontario Society of Artists was held in their new rooms on King street. A good musical programme was rendered as an initiatory to the dance numbers which followed. Among those present were: Hon. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. F. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. Wakefield, Miss Mabel Grewes of Waddington, N. Y., Mr. James Smith, R.C.A., Miss Amy Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ahrens, Miss Baywell, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. Boyes, Mr. John Maclean, Miss May Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. McPherson Ross, Mr. Bruenish, Mr. Litter Frantz, Mr. G. A. Dartnell, Jr., Mr. E. C. Stone, Mr. G. Ross, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. J. F. Thomson, Mr. Eustace G. Bird, Mr. W. M. Fahey, Mr. D. McLennan, Mr. G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Mr. and Mrs. H. Martin, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. G. P. Schofield, Mrs. Carr, Mr. H. E. Munn, Mr. James McDonald, Mr. Henry R. Alley, Mr. Ernest Wilby, Mr. C. H. Acton Bond, Mr. Andrew Darling, Miss Langstaff, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Miss Barton, Miss Staunton, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Staunton, Mrs. Eldred, Mr. R. L. O'Brien, R.C.A., Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mr. W. A. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Long, Miss May Hughes, Mrs. Goff, Miss Gerrard of Cleveland, Miss Temple, Miss Ada Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Beattie, Mr. J. W. McCulloch, Mr. F. C. Galbraith, Mr. E. A. Begg, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. G. McCrae, Mr. Fred Strauss, Mr. J. McGee, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Reilly, Mr. T. C. L. Ketchum, Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Capt. Beatty, Mr. C. S. White, Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Holmstead, Mr. P. F. Cronin, Mr. Cyril N. Armstrong, Mr. J. J. Ashworth, Mr. McKendry, Mr. Anderson, Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, Mr. C. A. Ross, Mr. W. C. Lee, Mr. and Miss Friaby of Port Hope, Mr. W. C. Noxon, Mr. F. B. McMahon, Mr. R. M. Thompson, Mr. R. J. Hawkes, Mrs. R. Walsh, Miss Whitney, Mr. W. M. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Howland, Mrs. and Miss Aylesworth, Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, Miss Langtry, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bell-Smith, Mr. R. F. Gagen, Miss Finley of Port Hope, Miss Rosa of Lindsay, Miss B. Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. C. Long, Miss M. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croll, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Temple, Mr. W. Revell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Forbes, Mr. W. A. Sherwood.

Rev. G. M. Milligan entertained a number of

Queen's College students at dinner on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. James Crowther gave a card party to about forty guests on Friday evening of last week. It was given in honor of the Misses Armour of Cobourg.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty Queen's Park has issued invitations for a large ball to be held at Webb's on Thursday evening, November 13.

Mrs. Willie Brouse of Grange avenue welcomed a number of ladies to an afternoon tea on Wednesday. Among those present were Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Delanere, Miss Chewett, Miss Greene, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Fanny Smith, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Danbar, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Cecil Lee, Miss Walker, Mrs. Brouse, Miss Fanny Brouse, and Mrs. Archie Langmuir.

Miss Beaumont of Yorkshire, England, is the guest of the Misses Beatty of Queen's Park.

Mr. Harvey Smith of Battleford is the guest of his father, Hon. Frank Smith, during a leave of absence.

Mrs. Drayton of Bloor street East gave a delightful dance on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Drayton's gown was of brown and cream; Miss Campbell, black net and pink roses; Mrs. Strange, white net ornamented with jet gold ribbon and white flowers; Mrs. Eden Howard, black lace and diamonds; Miss Hoskins, white lace dress with trimmings of pale green silk and white flowers; Miss Walker, pale blue net with yellow rose petals; Mrs. J. Scott, pink silk, white Venetian lace and white feathers; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, yellow net and daisies; Mrs. Brouse, pale blue silk and lace, ornaments, pearls; Mrs. James Crowther, dove-gray silk with steel trimmings; Miss Cawthra, pale blue satin with turquoise ornaments; Miss Lena Cawthra, pink satin and pearls; Miss Winstanley, yellow silk and net; Miss Parsons, white net and moire ribbons; Miss Bunting, white silk and net with moire ribbons; Miss Arthur, black and pink; Miss Amy Rutherford, white fish net and ribbons; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, salmon pink and white silk with diamond ornaments; Miss McLean Howard, pink silk and tulle; Miss Alexander Cameron, silvery white brocade and diamonds; Mrs. C. Baines, black net and silk with jet and scarlet ornaments; Miss Covernton, amber satin and diamonds; Mrs. Jarvis, black net and cream roses; Miss Morgan, blue silk.

Miss Helen Gregory left for Japan last week from Vancouver, B.C. She bears with her letters of introduction from the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Lorne to the British Minister at Tokio, also letters to the Swedish and Norwegian Ambassadors, the Bishop of the Anglican Church, Yokohama, and other persons of note who can be of assistance to her in getting information for her literary work.

A successful impromptu dance was given by Mrs. Charles Powell of Wellington place on Wednesday of last week.

Miss N. White of Hamilton was the guest of Miss Ida Powell of Wellington place last week.

The genial countenance of our well-known townsman, Mr. J. Fraser Bryce, illuminates once again the studio on King street. Mr. Bryce, as has already been reported, was married on October 28, to Miss L. E. Rogers at St. John's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. His wedding tour included Washington, Philadelphia and other eastern cities. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce arrived in Toronto on Monday last and will be at home to their friends at the Arlington Hotel. SATURDAY NIGHT joins in the chorus of good wishes.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Luke's church on Thursday morning, when Mr. H. P. Davies was wedded to Alice Bloor Rice, the ceremony being performed by the groom's father, Rev. Dr. Davies. After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of her mother on Bloor street, and Mr. and Mrs. Davies left soon after for a tour through the Southern States and New York city. While away they will be the guests of Colonel Hinman of Columbus, Ohio.

Hon. David Mills of London was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker of this city sailed a week ago to-day from Havre for home, after a three months' visit to Great Britain and the continent. In Rome they were the guests of General Porter and his daughter Miss Annie Porter, the American ambassador to Italy. Miss Porter will visit Toronto next year.

I have heard rumors of a large dance to be given in the Trinity Convocation Hall by the Cricket Club, and judging from the success of the dance given by Mrs. Strachan in this same hall last year, the affair will in all likelihood be most enjoyable. It will probably occur within a month's time.

#### Out of Town.

##### HAMILTON.

On Wednesday afternoon a quiet wedding was solemnized at the residence of Mrs. Logie of Markland street, when Mary, eldest daughter of the late Judge Logie, was married to Dr. Reynolds, assistant superintendent of the asylum for the insane. None but the relatives of both were present. The bride looked charming in a brown tweed traveling gown, with hat to match. Miss A. B. Logie acted as bridesmaid and was attired in a gown of pale blue china silk. Mr. Joan Senker of St. Catharines was best man. Rev. Dr. Laidlaw performed the ceremony, and after the wedding a delicious breakfast was served. Of course the presents were numerous and handsome, the bride being a great favorite here. The happy couple left mid showers of rice and old shoes, for New York and other eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Wylie of Almonte are the guests of Mrs. Logie of Markland street. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather that prevailed on the evening of the first of the debutantes it seemed to have little effect on those who were invited to the residence of Mrs. John Billings on Thursday evening. The dance was given in honor of Miss Eva Billings, her second daughter. The arrangements throughout were perfect. Music, dancing rooms and supper were excellent to say nothing of the gowns worn. Miss Rogers of Deans is the guest of Mrs. William Bell of Wentworth street.

Miss Barr of Brantford is the guest of Miss Turner of Hughson street.

The dance given by Mrs. Gillard of Undercliffe, on Friday evening, Oct. 31, was voted an immense success, and though there were a great many people present, it did not stop the dancing, which was a little crowded at first. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, all the mantel-pieces being banked with dahlias and ferns. The music was furnished by five of the XIII. Band, and was delightful.

Miss Hyman of London is the guest of Mrs. Garrett.

Miss Hobart of New York is the guest of Mrs. Billings, Jackson street.

Miss Nettie Martin of Cayuga is the guest of Mrs. B. Martin, Upper John street.

Mrs. J. J. C. Thomson and Mrs. Howden left for England on the Majestic on Wednesday morning. They will remain there about three months.

Miss Mamie Wylie of Almonte is the guest of Mrs. Logie, Markland street.

Miss Nora Clench our talented Canadian violinist is in town for a few days the guest of Mrs. Cummings, Main street.

On Saturday evening a party consisting of Messrs. George Hendrie, M. Riley and Wilkins of Detroit, accompanied by C. J. Jones and Leggett of Hamilton, left for Muskoka where they camp every fall to enjoy deer hunting and partridge shooting. They expect to remain in the wilds for about three months.

Miss Walker gave a tea in honor of Miss Kilby of the Vokes Company on Tuesday afternoon.

On Tuesday evening a dance was given by Mrs. Findlay of Emerald street, the occasion being the coming out of Miss Violet Findlay their second daughter. Miss Violet Findlay wore a gown of silk and lace with bouquet of white roses. Miss Findlay wore a gown of black tulle, and amongst those present were the Misses Turner, Miss Barr of Brantford, Miss MacKay, Miss Hendrie, Miss Macdonald, Miss Watson, Miss Wylie, Miss Howard, Miss Bruce, Miss Danlop, Miss Dewar, Miss Barker, Miss Fuller, Miss Billings, Miss Hobart Miss Marks, Miss Bell, Miss MacNider, Miss Hyman, Miss Gillespie and Messrs. Ganey, Garrett, Gates, Bruce, Harvey, MacInnes, N. Bruce, Gillespie, Billet, Logie, Baxter, Breckenridge, L. Harvey, Faithful, Stewart, Amery, and many more.

Mrs. Frank MacKellan gave a supper party in honor of the Vokes Company after the theatre on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Proctor of King street East have returned from their annual trip to their shooting-box in Scotland where they have spent the last three months.

Miss Tremaine of Buffalo is the guest of Mrs. Lottridge Blackouton Bay street. Rev. Hartley Carmichael's friends will welcome him back here next Sunday, when he will preach for Rev. Mr. Curran at St. Thomas' church. Mr. Carmichael was a great favorite here and was much beloved by his people, he is now at Richmond, Virginia.

Mrs. Sutherland of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Jarvis, Upper James street.

The Misses Ramsay returned from England Tuesday.

Cards are out for a dance to be given by Mrs. Parker, of Green hill, James street, on November 14th.

Miss Leggett gave a charming afternoon tea on Monday.

Miss Queenie Crerar, second daughter of Mr. John Crerar, left for England this week to attend school.

#### ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS

For \$2.50 we send a copper plate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards, and guarantee satisfaction.

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WONDERFUL! ASTONISHING!

**DANCING**

TAUGHT AS IF BY MAGIC!

GENTLEMEN ARE TAUGHT

**TWELVE DANCES**

IN NINE CLASS LESSONS, MOREOVER

**IN THREE LESSONS**

LADIES (PRIVATE PUPILS) DANCE

**Eight Round Dances**

"QUALITY" THE BEST—"QUANTITY" THE GREATEST

Classes for Both Sexes, Old or Young

N.B.—Positively no more new pupils will be admitted to the Saturday Evening Juvenile Class—50 pupils in it now—new pupils (misses and masters) may join in the Saturday afternoon class—2 to 4. Large, smooth, Georgia pine floor in the new academy, 102 Wilton avenue, corner of Mutual street.

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**THE MART**

ESTABLISHED 1834

HIGHLY IMPORTANT SALE

OF

Eastern Rugs and Carpets

Bulgarian Embroideries

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The subscribers are pleased to announce a very select consignment of the above Eastern productions from Messrs. ALIBADJAKLADI, of Constantinople, to be sold by auction at our rooms, "THE MART," King Street East, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 12 & 13

COMPRISING

Oriental Rugs, Carpet and Palace Strips,

Beautiful Embroidered Table and Cushion

Covers, Antimacassars, Doylies, Tidies,

Panels, Mantel Drapery, Table Centers,

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Tunisian, Smyrna, Bouladan, Salonica, Damascus, Halep and Famsi Hami Curtains and Portieres

We have authority from the owners to state that this consignment has been specially selected for this city, with the object of placing before the residents of Toronto the very best class of CARPETS and NEEDLEWORK in the Orient.

Goods on View Saturday, Nov. 8

SALE EACH DAY AT TWO O'CLOCK

**Oliver Coate & Co.**

AUCTIONEERS.

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**Police Paris**  
JUST ARRIVED—A large and well-selected stock of Evening Fane, Sweed Gloves, Glove Cases, Men's Gloves, K. and G. Corsets in every style. Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking. WM. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East, Toronto.

**THE TORONTO ART GALLERY, WITH**  
dressing and smoking rooms, is available for "Private Balls," "At Homes," "Receptions." Rent—Afternoons, \$20; evenings, \$35. Apply GEO. C. DOWNES, at the Gallery.

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May be engaged for "Evenings of Readings" and partial programmes. Repertoire embraces:

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TOURS OF EVERY VARIETY

**TRANSATLANTIC**

LOW RATES NOW IN FORCE

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**N. G. LLOYD S. S. LINE**

Patronized by those who desire comfort with excellence

Fast route to Southampton, London, and Continent.

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Sixty hours from New York, THURSDAYS

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**CIGARS**

Packed in the following sizes:

Longfellow - - - 25 in a box

Perfecto - - - 25 and 50 " "

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41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing the latest novelties in

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Have just received a full assortment of AMERICAN VEILINGS. Choice assortment of EVENING FANS in Ostrich Feathers and Gauss, just received.

**SPECIAL**

The Dressmaking department is now complete with a select stock of dress materials, suitable for afternoon and evening wear.

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(Not the Sultan's)

**CIGARETTES**

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**CIGARETTES**

The Finest Turkish Cigarettes

IN THE MARKET.

**TRY THEM**



## Foudoir Gossip.

What a terrible thing it is to be cornered in a place where there are but two evils—the polite lie and the rude truth! Things are this way with me: Some time ago I wrote strongly in favor of plain stationery, and a Maiden in Brown sends me word that she has used fancy paper in her correspondence with me. My dear little friend I don't like it. I can't fib; but I do like you, and I probably would not like you half so well if you agreed with me in all things.

Your long letter was quite a delight to me. I did not think as I passed Sunday's rainy hours in the most approved style of laziness, that any one could summon sufficient energy to write an entertaining letter, but you did.

So you mark your books, too! Well, I am glad, for you must enjoy them. I read Lucille long ago, but the book was not mine and I am afraid I did not keep even one fine passage.

You remind me of another girl whom I know intimately. She lays large plans but often accomplishes a grievously small part of the projected work. Perhaps you under-rated yourself, but at all events I may say to you that nothing can come from half-hearted work. You are talented and music is so dear an accomplishment that even for the pleasure of others you should make it a success. I am sorry about the story—better luck next time! When next you write me address Clip Carew and I will come upon your letter in better time.

A lately developed whim of Dame Fashion's is the tying of rose clusters with broad ribbons in green which exactly matches the foliage of the lovely flowers.

Brides this month are carrying nosegays of white chrysanthemums.

Furs are declared to be fashionable only when "fancy mixed."

House gowns must train. It is not necessary to carry yards of dust-gathering material, except for state occasions; but the back breadth must touch the floor and lie on it in tumbled folds, which constitute all the elegance of artistic disorder.

A new style of lace pin is a knife edge setting with a spray of gold mistletoe leaves and a cluster of berries in white and faintly green-tinted pearls.

The old-fashioned ear-rings which our mothers wore long ago, pulling the tender lobes into wrinkled ugliness, have lain away for some time. Some of us have used them, to be sure, and, invoking the jeweller's aid, fashioned them into long lace-pins or the ever-useful single ones; but now some wise girl has gathered the relics of barbarism from all her relatives, and had them fastened together for a bracelet. In this enterprising age we lose the use of very little, and really, ingenuity can create wonders even where there is a discouraging dearth of material.

Leather, decorated with brass tacks, brass hooks and brass spangles holds an unrivalled position in fashionable favor for fancy work. It is unmistakably pretty, rather novel, and a treasure as regards wear.

It is a new thing to have slippers silver-plated—not for wearing of course, but to set on one's toilette table. A bride keeps the old slipper which clung to the carriage step on her marriage morn, and when the first brightness has worn off her wedding-ring, she takes the treasured slipper from her dresser drawer and orders it silver-plated.

The mother has baby's first shoe, with its wrinkled little sides and worn toes, covered with silver, and perhaps she drops her rings into it at night and prays that the little foot which once rested there may not stray very far from truth and right.

Jacob writes me:

"My FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—This day being especially sharp and wintry, we fancy you comfortably seated in your cosy room near the drawing-room, your feet on the fender and a cup of tea in hand. Having returned from town, you are relating to your adoring husband while he shares the refreshing beverage your adventures. Now, my brother Abraham agrees with me that you are a little unjust in your criticisms in one case. If the last mentioned person who rang the car-bell was sharp, have pity for her. She may have been disappointed and compelled to live in the midst of nephews and nieces who despised her or were saucy, or among friends who thought her estate a little—nay, infinitely lower than that of her happily married sisters. Would it not be better to extend a friendly hand, a smile of welcome, to cheer her desolate life. When Darby comes in and calls you his dearest, the loveliest woman on earth, with more endearing names too numerous to mention, let your heart soften to your less fortunate sister, and she will doubtless ring car bells, door bells, and tea bells with the finest modulation. There, too, is the puzzled old lady. My heart is very tender toward her. Please advise the young people to jump up and ring the bell for her, and blessings will come to their young lives. Now I am in a puzzle. I am almost tempted to court one of those so-called forsaken people whom the world kindly calls old maids. As I say it there rises before my mental vision the picture of Katharine Wolf, who with a royal fortune and a royally generous heart, donated her gallery of beautiful paintings to the Metropolitan Art Gallery in Central Park, New York. She belonged to the band of those who lived a single life. And the troop keeps rising before me, but the day wanes and I must say good-night, my dear friend—good-night.

"Your friend

"JACOB."

I am so very sorry that you thought I was poking fun at those who were not brisk on the street car. Indeed, I am careful what I say about single blessedness. There is no Darby, dear friend, and I call my wee flat the old maid's paradise, and make tea for my callers in a little black teapot, glancing full often at an etching of five of the prettiest pussies you ever saw.

Dear Marguerite: Have you a whole family of brothers paying a home-visit, or are you busy or lazy or cross? I am anxious to hear you gravely criticize or earnestly coincide with

the things we talk of here in our own little woman's corner.

Preserve us all from the men or women who can't adapt themselves to circumstances, because they "used to be" rich, or clever or happy, or handsome.

Too often we bring forth the soured essences of yesterday to embitter the life-draught we drink to-day. On one yesterday perhaps Fortune's wheel stopped at ruin, and we suffered. That should not—nay, it must not—leave us powerless to do our best to-day. The woman who prates of "better times," and tells how she was "edicated" when she was young, and never dreamed she'd "be keepin' boarders," is one of the pitiable results of foolish pride and a weak will.

We cannot help admiring the brave soul who fights to-day's battle with the weapons at hand and never sullies her life with the weak walling of what she used to be or used to have.

CLIP CAREW.



"Look out, Sport, dis is low ball."



## Rather Unkind.

Miss Camille (the actress)—It is disappointment that drives men to drink.  
Miss Critique—Yes; I noticed a great many go out between the acts at the play last night.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

## They Did.

Bill Clark—If I had as much money as the Old Man I'd quit business and travel.  
Ad. Collum—So would I.  
Old Man (entering unexpectedly)—I guess that's what you'd better do, anyhow.—*Puck.*

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized as the formal afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn socially, so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made up by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

## Nursery Diminutives.

Reading a list of the names of girl graduates, it is impossible, owing to their general character, to associate with them the dignity and the consequence of teachers occupied with graver matters than dolls and curl papers, and with stern duties rather than with the ease and pleasures of existence. Many of these erudite young ladies sign themselves with mere pet names ending in ie, as if they had no other, and from manifest preference for the nursery diminutives. Among these are Bessie, Jennie, Nellie, Carrie, Birdie, Mamie, Addie and Fannie, no real names at all, but only appellations coined by the familiarity and tenderness of privileged relatives and intimates. What Birdie's baptismal name is we cannot guess, but the true names of the others are Elizabeth, Jane, Helen, Caroline, Mary, Adeline and Frances, all feminine

## THE "PROBS"

for Christmas trade this year are the best in all our experience.

With this expectation we leave this week for New York, Philadelphia, and other markets.

Our success since moving into our present premises has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and justify us in our determination to buy more freely than ever before.

Our buying facilities are second to none, and we promise our many patrons for the Christmas trade a stock which for quality, elegance and price will be a perfect revelation.

**RYRIE BROS.**

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts

designations of a distinguished history, noble, dignified and euphonious. But these girls look upon them as too homely, too old-fashioned. They think a name ending in ie is much prettier and more engaging. They insist upon using such diminutives as if they were their formal appellations, and sometimes they carry them through life, printing them on their cards and singing them to formal documents, taking them to the marriage altar and giving them for newspaper publication. They think it nice to do this, and yet in truth it is vulgar, and detracts from the estimation in which women of character, ability and dignity should be held. They invite presumptuous familiarity, and keep their bearers forever in the nursery.—*Waverley Magazine.*

## Brass Goods

INCLUDING THE NEWEST DESIGNS IN

BRASS FIRE SETS

BRASS FENDERS

BRASS COAL HODS

## Gas Fires

THE BEST MAKES OF

GAS LOGS

GAS COAL FIRES

GAS HEATING STOVES

We have the largest stock of these goods in the city at the very lowest prices

**McDonald & Willson**

187 Yonge Street

PALMS



PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health plants from \$1.00 up. Palms two feet high for \$2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses, and all other seasonable flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. Floral Tributes of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street. Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

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Fine Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds

They Lead in Close Prices

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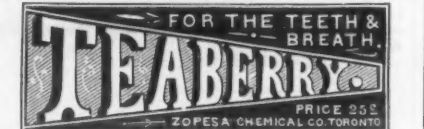
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130 Yonge Street

"PERFECT-FITTING" SHOES FOR Ladies and Children. "Solid Comfort" Shoes for tender feet. Our Waukeganite have no equal in style and fit. Call and examine them before purchasing.

**L. A. STACKHOUSE**

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**Armstrong & Stone**

ARE FULLY PREPARED FOR

PARTY DRESSES

In a few days some handsome All-silk Spot Netts at 95c., double width, will be delivered to us, a direct repeat order from England. Such goods are scarce. Colored Spot Silk and Cotton Netts, 35c. to 75c. Beautiful Black Lace Flouncings and a few elegant lengths of Cream and Colored Laces for

EVENING DRESSES

Charming Bengaline Silks in many colors, embroidered and plain.

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CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

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Artistic Dressmaking

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FINE GROCERIES

OUR SPECIALTY

PURE COFFEES

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MANUFACTURERS OF

## FINE FURS

We have now a complete stock of Fur Goods for the coming Winter's trade.

## SPECIAL REDUCTIONS

Made upon all Furs purchased or ordered during August and September

SEALSKIN GARMENTS A SPECIALTY

## Fur Lined Circulars

And all the Latest Novelties in

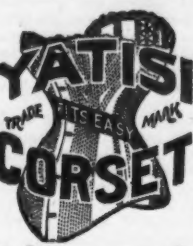
Seal, Beaver, Persian and Astrachan Fur Capes and Muffs of all kinds

FANCY FUR RUGS

Sole Agents for Edward Miller's New York Hats—Styles Correct. Battersby & Woodson London Hats. We take the lead. "Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue—just issued."

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Some corsets are never easy, there is always a stiffness about them and the period of breaking them in has no end. What a relief it is then, that there is at least one corset that is absolutely faultless, that fits perfectly, that needs only a trial to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful merit. Why not try it? It is surely worth while, for the money is returned if you are not satisfied, hence you run no risk.

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"Christmas Box"—Full of Wonderful Things. 15 Portraits of Admired and Pretty Girls, The Golden Wheel Fortune Teller, Dictionary of Dreams, Guide to Flirtation, Lovers' Telegraph, Magic Age Table, Magic Square, 200 Selections for Autograph Albums, 70 Money Making Secrets, 20 Popular Songs, 24 Tricks in Magic, 24 Conundrums, The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, Morse Telegraph Alphabet, Calendar for the current year, and our Fine new Catalogue of Xmas and New Year Toys, Books and Novelties. ALL sent to you by mail, FREE, for only 5c. silver, for postage. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

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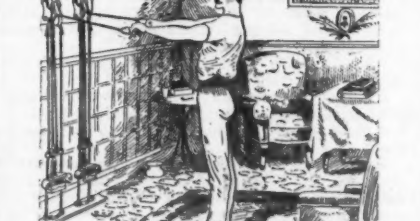
63 King St. West

(1st Floor—opp. Mail Office)

We are now showing a full assortment of Autumn and Winter novelties. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**MRS. A. BLACK, M.R.**

THE NARRAGANSETT



(shown in above illustration) is the most perfect apparatus ever devised for indoor exercise. It is perfectly noiseless, no oil or lubrication of any kind is required, it occupies only a few inches of floor room, and can be instantly adjusted to suit the strength of any one. It can be set up anywhere ready for use in a few minutes, with the aid only of a screw-driver. It is just the thing for the business man, the student, the professional man or the athlete, and is especially valuable for the use of ladies and children. Call and see it or send for price list and descriptive catalogue to F. C. ALLAN, 35 King St. West, Toronto, Agent for Ontario.

THE LEADING

Mantle and Dress House

**H. S. MORISON & CO.**

ARE SHOWING

In Mantles

The very latest styles and designs, 3 Coats in Beavers, Serges and Sealettes; Ladies' Wraps, handsomely trimmed; Fur Lined Circulars, Ulsters and Street Jackets.

Our Dress Goods

Department contains a choice assortment of All-wool Plaids; select patterns and shades in Combination Dresses, Henriettas, Rough Diagonal Serges and Cheviot Tweed Suitings.

Children's Dressmaking Department, aged from 4 to 12 years, under competent management. Prices moderate.

Gloves

In the best makes of Kid, dressed and undressed, also Cashmere and Silk Gloves.

Hosiery

Ladies, Misses, Boys and Children's, in Black Silk, Wool and Cashmere, splendid values, from 15c. up.

Underwear

In Scotch Wool, Natural Wool, Merino, Cashmere and Combination Suits.



FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

## WHITE LILIES.

"Kate, do wake up! The Great Mogul is going to bed at last; now's our time!"

"Time for what?"

"Oh, you little goose, you're been snoozing! Time for our expedition, of course."

"The Wilby's skating ball!" says Tom in my sleepy ear. "Look alive—it has just struck ten! Here—I'll dab her face with a wet sponge—nothing like it for rousing people."

"You shan't!" I exclaim, springing from my pillow—"I'm wide awake now." And so I am, my eyes wide open with excitement.

My six brothers and sisters, revealed to me by the light of a tallow candle, stand at the bed-room door listening with bated breath for the distant slam which shall proclaim that our father has shut himself into his room for the night. In another moment the welcome sound resounds through the rickety old house, and immediately there bursts from our lips a muffled "Hurrah!"

"Come along!" says Jack, half an hour later, leading the way through the dark and silent passage, and past our father's chamber door.

"As we pause for a moment outside his door, a low snore fills our palpitating hearts with delight, and in another minute we are safe downstairs in the gloom of the deserted drawing-room, from the window of which we intend making our exit into the frosty starlight night."

"Pitcher is with the donkey-cart!" whispers Laura, peering out between the heavy curtains.

Yes, sure enough, there outside the gate stands our faithful stable-boy—aided and abetted for years in many of our youthful delinquencies—awaiting us with a small old-fashioned donkey chaise which has been the property of our family for generations, and which is to bear us all in triumph to-night to Wilby Hall, the owners of which are entertaining their skating friends on this Christmas Eve with a band, refreshments, Chinese lanterns, and general merriment.

Of course we Tempests received invitations too, for we are favorites everywhere; and equally of course they were curtly declined by Colonel Tempest, of whom every one in the county entertains a wholesome horror; for he is rude to young and old, and does not care a fig whether he is hated or not.

"We'll stand it no longer!" Jack declared this morning, when papa announced to us with greatunction that we were not to go to "this Wilby foolery." "Just listen to me, girls, and let us cast off the bonds of slavery forever!"

And thereupon our eldest brother unfolded to our astonished ears a scheme which at first caused our blood to run cold, then to course madly through our veins.

"Now have you all done prinking?" demands Jack, as, the moment for departure having arrived, my sisters and I crowd round the long drawing-room mirror.

Being the youngest and smallest of the four, I get ruthlessly pushed aside by my taller sisters, who survey themselves with satisfaction, as they well may. Three lovely Saxon-looking girls they are, with dainty heads round which are coiled masses of yellow hair like those for which the Tempests were famous in the days when the Edwards were kings of England.

"Oh, dear, how do I look?" I exclaim piteously, catching one brief glimpse, as I speak, of a tawny nut-brown head upon which a little white fur cap, and a pair of blue eyes which appear black in the uncertain light. "Oh, Jenny, shall I do?"

"There's a smut on your nose," says Jenny slowly, "and your head is like a feather-bed let loose."

"Don't tease her!" interposes Laura, who is so very lovely that she can afford to be kind.

"Don't bother your head, Kate," remarks Jessie; "while you are alongside of us I dare say no one will notice you."

And with this I am fain to be content. Oh, why was I not born beautiful like my sisters?

My spirits revive as we spin along through the fresh cold night, although I am awfully uncomfortable, squeezed down at the bottom of the little cart upon a heap of skates. This midnight adventure strikes me as being something so exquisite, with its taste of forbidden fruit and its imminent danger of discovery, that nothing can suppress my excitement, and, when we jog along the carriage drive of Wilby Hall and come suddenly in view of the frozen lake, the brilliant lights, and the gay animated crowd, a half-stifled exclamation of delight escapes from my lips.

"Kate, behave yourself!" says Laura sternly, who, though as great a romp as myself in private, behaves in public with all the decorum of a young lady of fashion.

"So glad you've been able to come!" cries stout motherly Mrs. Wilby, waddling forward.

"I thought the Colonel couldn't be hard-hearted on Christmas eve!"

"The Colonel doesn't know we are here," replies Jack—"he's snoring in bed—and so is poor aunt Yuly. For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Wilby, never let the cat out of the bag!"—and off he goes with one of the prettiest girls on the ice, while Tom skates away with a party of schoolfellows, and my sisters vanish up the lake with chosen partners.

I am standing alone, feeling very forlorn, when somebody behind me says:

"Want your skates put on, Kate mavourneen!"

There is only one man in the world, or at any rate in Stoke Newington, who talks in such a calm impudent manner, if he were the ruler of all creation, and of womankind in particular. It is Fred Lorrimer, whom I hate with all my heart one minute and love passionately the next.

I met him only eight days ago. Since then he has managed to see me about a dozen times every day. One hour he tries to make me love him; the next he treats me as if I were nothing to him. He has stolen my heart by sheer force, and seems to laugh at its angry struggles to escape from such thralldom. He fascinates, then enrages me; yet he seems as if he could not bear me to be out of his sight, for he never leaves me alone if he can possibly avoid it.

A handsome dark-skinned girl is standing with her hand on his arm as I turn round to face him. It is Lydia Wilby, whom people say he intends to marry. The sight of her gypsy beauty seems to raise a little demon in my breast.

"No, thank you," I reply, with dignity, sitting down upon the bank and taking up my skates—"I can do it myself."

My little white fur cap drops off as I bend my head. It is never of any use my trying to be dignified—something silly always happens!

"Do you want me to pick up your hat?" inquires Captain Lorrimer, indifferently, picking up the hat and looking down at me. Pity to hide all that pretty hair, isn't it?"

"Yes, I do want it!" I reply pettishly, snatching it from his hand. "Good evening, Captain Lorrimer."

I try to skate away gracefully; but I am not yet an expert on the ice; and, alas! what evil fiend attends all I do? The next moment I am lying ignominiously on my face—my lip is cut, and my nose flattened.

"There, poor little girl; don't be silly again," says a voice in which I am sure I can detect a sound of motherly laughter. "You can't be dignified if you try ever so!" Come and skate with me, and be your own darling little self!"

The last three words are whispered into my ear as Fred Lorrimer picks me up.

I glance up into his face, knowing that I must appear a woe-begone object, with my swollen lip, my tearful eyes and dishevelled hair. The captain is six feet high and every inch a soldier.

"Don't you want to skate with Miss Wilby?" I ask.

"Yes, dreadfully; but I feel it's my duty to look after you instead."

"Do you admire Miss Wilby?" I persist.

"Immensely! How could flesh and blood help it?"

"Oh!" I exclaim involuntarily.

"What a piteous 'Oh!' What a lot it means!"

"It doesn't—it means nothing! It is very natural you should admire Miss Wilby, and—"

"—here a lump rises in my throat—I hope you'll be happy."

"Thank you!" he says calmly.

"When are you going to propose?" I ask.

"This very night," he replies, with a smile.

"Perhaps you had better lose no time then," I rejoin, in a voice which I can scarcely believe is my own.

We are on a remote part of the lake, behind a little island, and almost in darkness. In the distance the bonfires on the banks burn brightly, the Chinese lanterns swing in the breeze, the girls and men skim along hand in hand, and the band plays "When other lips and other hearts."

I look up suddenly and bravely into Fred Lorrimer's face. What I see there brings a new joy into my heart. I forget Lydia Wilby, I forget the distant crowd, I forget my father, Colonel Tempest, sleeping unsuspectingly at home. I only know that Fred's strong arms are round me pressing me to his heart, that his lips are on my face, and that he is saying—

"I won't lose a moment, darling—I'll ask now! Will you marry me, Kate?"

"Yes!" I whisper.

Fred takes off my skates for me; and very tender is the touch of his fingers as he loosens the straps. Then he leads me, unresistingly, dazed with joy, through the dark shrubberies into a narrow lane which skirts the grounds, and, when a thick yew hedge screens us from view, he throws his arms around me, and again presses hot lover's kisses upon my quivering lips, looking down with glad eyes into my face and murmuring sweet words such as I have never heard before.

How proud I feel each time that I look up at his soldierly figure! How joyful is the thought that he is all my own—that he loves me!

What a sense of rest and peace comes over me as he talks of the days to come, when nothing shall ever part us—when his arm shall be my shield against all harm and evil, and his loving heart my solace in hours of grief or pain!

"Kate, won't you say you are sorry, little one?"

Can it be the same bright world that it seemed half an hour since? The moon has gone behind a cloud, and sheds only light enough to show me that my lover's face has grown pale and strange and stern.

We have quarrelled. The fault is mine entirely. I spoke harsh words which the man who loves me did not deserve. But my evil passions are roused, and I will not own that I am in the wrong. How can I, a maiden just wooed and won, step from the pedestal of happy conscious power to which my lover's homage has raised me and humiliate myself at his feet? I cannot! I will not! If I love me so madly, he must be the one to surrender, no matter at what cost!

So I, foolish, romantic, hot-headed Kate Tempest, reason with myself; and, when Captain Lorrimer tries to take my hand in his and draw me to him, I shake it off angrily.

"Leave me alone—I will not!" I cry, agreeing with you that we could not live happily together. I am sure I could not with a man who has shown himself to be perfectly heartless."

"Heartless—why? Because I laughed when you said—"

"Never mind going all over it again. I dare say you thought yourself very witty; but it disgusted me. You have neither heart nor manners; you are an uncultivated boor; and, to tell you the truth, I have always thought so! You need not look at me like that—I am not afraid of you!"

Until this moment my lover has not lost his temper; but now his handsome face flushes darkly.

"You've gone a bit too far, Miss Tempest," he says, in husky hurried tones. "I would not, for the asking, have a wife who has so little control over her tongue as you have. I shall release you from your engagement to me unless—unless—here he looks with passionate pain at my angry little face—"unless you apologize to me for all you have said!"

"Never!" I cry. "Do you think I can be bribed by you? Everything between us is at an end!"

Even now he cannot let me go without one more attempt to bring about reconciliation. He seizes me desperately in his strong arms.

"Little one," he whispers, with an expression of inflamed grief and longing in his eyes, "you don't know what you are doing! Don't throw away all our happiness in this moment of madness! Say you are sorry!"

"I will not!" I reply. "It is you who have insulted me. Go—go away!"

I push him from me; and the next moment I am standing alone in the cold dark night. He has done what I commanded him to do—he has gone.

After a wild half-hour's weeping, I return to the lake, to the light of the bonfires, and to the company of merry skaters. I hope fondly that my swollen eyes and flushed cheeks may pass unobserved; but I forget that I have two awful brothers, whose eyes always seem to be keenest on those occasions when it would be more convenient if they had none at all.

Hallo, Kate—your face looks as if it had been rubbed with pounce-stone!" shouts Tom, as he darts past the little tent where I stand trying to look jovial and to swallow some hot coffee with an unconcerned air.

"Beet-root is nothing to it," says Jack, who is laughing Lydia Wilby to some refreshment.

"Miss Tempest looks as if she had been enjoying herself," sneers Lydia.

"So I have," I reply sulkily, feeling that I would dance a jig—do anything, in fact—rather than that she should know that I am unhappy. It's all the more fun, isn't it, Jack, when one thinks that, if papa knew we were here, he would flog!"

"Good gracious!" gasps Jack, in a tone of such awful dismay and horror that I turn round with a start.

At a step or two from us I behold our fond parent, like the spectre at the feast. He lays one huge bony hand upon my wrist, and flashes my sentence for me.

"Play you alive? Yes; and so I will when I get you all home!"

And forthwith, to my utter humiliation, I am dragged off like a whipped child before the exulting eyes of my enemy Miss Lydia Wilby.

"Suppose he should turn up unexpectedly?" suggests aunt Yuly, feverishly brushing Laura's long hair.

"Suppose the moon should fall!" says Laura calmly.

"But he really might run down this evening for an hour or so just to see if I had kept you all locked up as he directed me," remarks aunt Yuly, shuddering at the idea.

"It isn't likely!" cried Jessie, from the other end of the bed-room, where she is struggling with a cloud of ule and silk. "He's much too fond of uncle Edwin's money to risk offending him by leaving him ill and alone in a London hotel. I'm not heartless; but what a blessing it is that uncle Edwin broke his leg just in the nick of time! If it had been a week ago or a week hence, it would have been of no use to us at all. Providence seems to have arranged it for this morning."

"At any rate," remarks Laura, "I intend to avail myself of the opportunity offered us. The Wilbys have asked us to their dance to-night, and I, for one, am going."

I glanced wistfully at Laura's lovely beaming face. Happy sister! I know of whom you

are thinking as you coil up those braids of yellow hair. Laura knows that where she will be to-night there also will be found a certain Sir Philip Fletcher, a young gentleman of the county who has looked with admiring eyes upon her fair face ever since he was a lad in Eton jackets. Well, may her love-affair prosper better than mine has!

I stifles a sigh, and some one remarks:

"Kate is in the 'blues' to-night."

"No, I'm not—I'm in white," I reply, attempting a feeble joke. "Ah, girls, do make haste dressing yourselves—we shall be so late!"

I am counting each moment which brings me nearer to the one when I shall enter the ball-room to-night and once more see the man whom I treated so shamefully last evening. One question has been racking my mind all day, will he forgive me for my cruelty? I am deeply repentant now, and long to tell him so and seek his forgiveness; but perhaps, whispers my throbbing heart, it is now too late. So I stand ready dressed in pure white—for did not Fred once say he loved me in white!—and keep urging my more tardy sisters to waste not a moment of this all-too-brief night of stolen pleasure and liberty.

Perhaps never during the many scenes of forbidden revelry which have been enacted at Branksome House has such wild excitement reigned as on this evening. Papa is safe in London, summoned by a telegram; and the Wilbys' ball begins in half an hour. Almost all the household is crowded into our bedroom, where the cook may be seen curling Jessie's fringe and the housemaid helping Jenny; while Pitcher has left his stable, and is now acting as valet to the boys in the adjoining room.

"I'm dressed! Nothing can improve me!" announces Laura triumphantly. "Why, Kate," she adds, stepping up to me, a lovely vision in a cloud of blue muslin, "I declare you look quite pretty to-night! Doesn't she, Jenny?"

"Don't make me talk," says Jenny tragically, holding her breath till her face becomes purple. "One more pull, Phoebe—never mind hurting me!"

"Gracious goodness, miss, it ain't no manner of use! I can't draw you in another pinch, not if you paid me for it!"

"Does my waist look small enough?" queries Jenny.

"Small, miss? Why, it looks just like the middle part of the little egg-biler cook biles her eggs by!"

Whether Jenny appreciates this rather doubtful compliment or not is never known; for Phoebe has to hurry downstairs to answer a vigorous pull at the front-door bell. When she appears again, it is behind a huge bouquet.

"For Miss Kate Tempest," she says, placing it in my hands, "with Captain Lorrimer's compliments."

If a bomb-shell fell straight through the ceiling, my sisters could not look more astonished.

"Well, I never!" exclaims aunt Yuly, sitting down as if rendered helpless by a heavy blow. "This is terrible! What will your father say? He will declare that it is all my fault!"

"You say little flirt!" exclaims Jenny.

"We see it all now! How did you manage it, Kate? The nicest man in the county!"

"I never saw anything half so exquisite!" says Laura, bending to sniff at the fragrant snow-white lily-bells shaded by maiden-hair.

"It has come from town, of course."

"It will just match your dress," observes Jenny. "We shall be quite in the shade to-night."

"No, you won't," I reply, burying my blushing face amidst the lilies. Oh, how happy I am now! "I shan't think of taking it to the ball, to be knocked about and spoilt and withered. If I keep it carefully in water, it will live for nearly a fortnight."

"No, take it to the ball! Why, Kate, he will be offended—he will quite expect to see you with it!" declares Laura.

"I shall explain to him. He will be flattered at my prizing it so—won't he, aunt Yuly?"

"Really, dear, I can't say," replies auntie helplessly. "I've quite forgotten the manners and customs of lovers—so don't ask me."

I have no more handsome vase than my bedroom jug in which to preserve my precious nosegay. I place it there, and, that done, after giving it a shy unobserved kiss, I am hardly kept still, I am so impatient while my sisters give the finishing touches to their toilettes.

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# Nettie's Trial.

A lovers' quarrel! They are not uncommon, they do not always bring life-suffering or even remorse; but Nettie Ray, standing in the summer-house at Alton Hill, and hearing the first harsh words that had ever greeted her from Stephen Rockhill's lips, felt as if all her life's happiness was gone.

For the words were:  
"Unless you can tell me why you were at the quarry on Wednesday evening, and who it was you met there, you and I must part."

And, in reply she could only say:  
"I cannot tell you. If you will not trust me, we must part."  
"Trust you!" was the furious answer.  
"Trust a girl who has assured me again and again she loves me, and who meets a man in a mysterious place after dark! How can I trust you, when you refuse all explanation?"

"I know appearances are against me, but I do not deserve a reproach."  
But Stephen would not believe this, and so they parted; he to strike down the rustic chair in the summer-house, lean upon the table, and weep bitterly.

Grief would have its way at first, but, after a fit of sobbing, little Nettie lifted her pretty face, and took herself to task.  
"This is my attitude," she thought, "that at the first sacrifice, make I cry like a baby and am heart-broken. But—Oh, Stephen! if you only trusted me!"

She thought over one by one the benefits she owed to Marion Alton Raymond, her cousin. Five years before, when Nettie was only fifteen, she had been left orphaned, and penniless, and Marion Raymond was keeping a little trimming store, earning a bare living for herself and her three-year-old boy. She was a widow, with a living husband—a woman who had given her heart to a man who had left her side for the gambling table, had lost heavily night after night, had finally committed forgery, been discovered, and fled.

Marion had borne her heavy cross patiently, had worked faithfully to support her boy, and been a kind friend to Nettie. When Nettie had shared the hard-earned home for a year, Marion's uncle died, and left her Alton Hill and a large fortune. Then Nettie became the petted darling of the best teachers, the prettiest costumes, the choice of pleasures, were all hers, and Marion's friends knew they could not better please her than by showing kindness to Nettie.

Marion's wealth had proved truly a friend in need, for one year after her uncle's death, she became a confirmed invalid. An incurable disease of the spine held her helpless and suffering, and it was only her unselfish persistence that prevented Nettie from devoting her whole life to nursing duty.

But Marion would not have it so. She had a large circle of friends, who did not hold her responsible for her husband's crime, and she insisted upon Nettie's acceptance of all their invitations and civilities.

Even when love came, and Nettie would have sacrificed Stephen, if Marion asked it, she had smiled upon the wooing, knowing him to be a true, good man, worthy even of Nettie. The engagement was not generally known, but the two were betrothed, and Stephen, with his own eyes saw his darling, his dainty, refined, little fiancee, under circumstances that appalled him.

Nearly two miles from Alton Hill was a huge deserted quarry, a place known as a rendezvous for the loafers of the village in the day-time, but usually deserted and desolate after night-fall. It stood back from the direct road leading to Alton Hill from Baywater, the nearest town, but was often crossed, as a short cut between the two places. Still, after dark, it was a place safe enough usually for those who wished to meet secretly.

Stephen having called at Alton Hill, was utterly amazed to find Nettie absent after eight o'clock. Mrs. Raymond had received him, and explained that Nettie had gone to a neighbor's, but had refused to send Stephen to escort her home, as asked and expected. She had been agitated, and was deadly pale and unlike her usual calm, serene self, and Stephen was puzzled when he left the house. But his perplexity changed to deep wrath when, in crossing the quarry, he saw Nettie—his Nettie—standing in earnest conversation with a tall man, whose heavy beard and broad white forehead were plainly visible in the moonlight, as he took of his hat, lifted Nettie's hand to his lips, and then strode away toward Baywater.

Too far away to speak, Stephen had recognized Nettie as she sped away toward the road, rather than cross the quarry to reach home, and he had stood stunned by the thought of her presence there under such circumstances. He was actually afraid to trust himself to face his betrothed at once, and spent nearly half the night wandering about, striving to calm his excitement and anger. But it was only held down by a strong effort of will when, the day following, Nettie quietly but firmly refused all explanation. She denied nothing, she said, "but, since you did, I can only say that you mistake my motives and errand."

"You acknowledge, then, that you wished this to be a secret meeting?" Stephen said.  
"I did not wish it known, certainly."  
"And did not intend to tell me of it?"  
"No. You should never have known if you had not seen me."

"And you will not tell me who the man was?"  
"I cannot."  
"Nor why you met him?"  
"I cannot!"

Words failed to move her from this position of resolute defiance, though her face was pale, and she evidently suffered deeply from her lover's anger. Still, she said nothing after her return to the house, and Marion was too ill to question her. For two days Marion had been fighting symptoms that were dangerous in character, and when Nettie, pale but tearless, came to their side, she found her writhing in pain.

"Poor Marion! Oh! if I could have spared you!" she cried. "Dr. Nelson so warned us against all excitement, and you have had a shock that was terrible. If only I had known what that letter contained!"  
"Even if you had, I must have seen it," whispered the invalid. "Send for Dr. Nelson! This pain is unendurable!"

Days of agony, followed by utter prostration, ensued, and Nettie was an untiring, faithful nurse. But neither skill nor love could overcome the fatal symptoms developed by the shock of some dreadful tidings. Only a few weeks before Nettie's betrothal, Marion had followed her only child to the grave. She had wearied herself with nursing; she had left the house for the only time in years, to attend the funeral, and had so added to her already heavy illness, that the doctor had warned Nettie that any further strain, mental or bodily, would be fatal. Tenderly, Nettie had endeavored to spare her all care or agitation, but her love had been powerless against the fatal shock that had reached her cousin through the post office.

Absorbed in Marion's danger, watchful of every symptom, Nettie had thrust her own heartache into the background, though some silent tears would fall when she thought of Stephen.

And Stephen, in his hotel room at Baywater, where he had come for a summer vacation, to be near Nettie, raved about woman's perfidy, judged harshly and spoke cruelly, and yet alternated these bitter hours by softer regrets, when he longed unutterably for a touch of Nettie's hand and a word of love from her lips. Every day he resolved to leave Baywater, every night he determined to wait one more day, with the faint hope of some explanation to reconcile him to Nettie.

Two weary weeks had passed, when a note was handed him:  
"I need a true friend, who will perform a

service for me without question, and who will keep a secret. Will you come?"

No, he would not, he resolved. He had been deceived, and would not play cat's paw for any woman. And yet—

A fair, pure face; eyes, innocent, shy, love-lit; lips that spoke only tender, maidenly words—these rose to confront him, and still reluctant, he took his hat, and went to Alton Hill.

"I knew you would come," Nettie said, springing gladly to meet him, as of old; not lifting her shy blushing face for his caress, but pallid, careworn and sad, a very gray shadow of her bright little self.

"Will you go for me, without question, on an errand of life and death?" she asked.

"I will," he said, gently, but not tenderly. "In Heath street," she said—and he shuddered, for only the most wretched of Baywater poor lived there—"in Heath street, you will find a Mrs. Smith's. It is No. 85. Ask for Bill Jones, and tell him he must come here tonight, after dark."

"Nettie!"

"Oh, trust me! Only trust me!" she pleaded.

"Is there no other message?"

"None! I dare not send one. But he must come!"

With a heart heavy as lead, and yet strangely moved to obey her request, Stephen left Nettie, to seek for Bill Jones. He was not surprised to see the tall bearded man he had seen once before at the quarry. But he was shocked to recognize upon his face the unmistakable signs of mortal illness. Evidently whatever the man's life had been, it was nearly spent. A dry hacking cough, extreme emaciation, hollow eyes and hectic flush, all told plainly their pitiful story.

And the message brought on such violent agitation, such an exhausting fit of coughing and suffocation, that in mere humanity Stephen granted the stranger's request that he would accompany him to Alton Hill, and went to secure a carriage for the drive.

It was dark when they reached the house, and Nettie was watching. She did not seem surprised to see Stephen, but motioned him to wait, while she led the strange visitor up the broad staircase.

The little mantel clock chimed three times, and midnight had nearly come, but still Stephen lingered. Some strange hope held him to the room where Nettie had left him, and he paced up and down, waiting.

Waiting till nearly at night's noon, the door opened, and Nettie came in.

"I hoped you would wait," she said. "Will you come with me?"

Up the broad staircase, to a large room above. Upon a couch there, dressed in a snowy wrapper, lay the still form of Marion Raymond dead, and beside her upon the floor crouched the man Stephen knew only as "Bill Jones."

"You must help us," Nettie said, "and Marion told me to trust you. You guess who this is?"

The stranger lifted his head.

"Tell whom you will," he said, in a hollow, faint voice; "I'm almost gone! I've killed my wife! I've starved, begged, stolen! What does it matter now? Bring the police, and tell them Henry Raymond is found at last!"

"Your cousin's husband?" Stephen whispered, throwing off the burden on his heart in one deep sigh.

"Yes; I met him, at her prayer, to give him money to flee again from justice. But he has been so ill, he could not go. The shock of his return, after so many years' absence, killed Marion. You will help me to conceal him? He cannot live many days."

Not many hours Stephen thought; and he was right. Before the day dawned, Henry Raymond had gone beyond earthly justice or vengeance, and Nettie carried out Marion's last wish, that her husband should rest in death in the cemetery where wife and child lay beside him.

Nettie was Marion's heiress, by a will made when Mrs. Raymond believed her husband must be dead. But the little maiden's wealth did not give her the deep happiness she felt when Stephen pleaded for forgiveness for his want of faith, and she once more felt his kiss upon her lips and his words of love greeted her ears.

Carving Sets—Fish, Game and Meat—cheap and handsome. Beautiful little Trinket Trays (oxidized), and innumerable novelties, suitable for wedding and birthday present, at J. E. Brown, 118 Yonge street.

## Forgetting Their Losses.

It is not unusual for people who have lost the use of a sense or of a limb to talk, more or less unconsciously, as if they still possessed it. Not long ago, a gentleman who has been totally blind for many years, but who manages to travel about notwithstanding his affliction, wrote to a friend in Paris:  
"I am making a trip to Paris in the autumn to see how the world, wages, and I hope to see you while I am there."  
This is pathetic. More amusing, perhaps, was an incident of a like kind which happened during a tour through the provinces which the French President, M. Carnot, recently made.

## The Lamb v. The Lion



The Lamb—I'm tired of that old "lion and lamb" story, and now that I have caught you two cubs alone I'm going to buck the life out of you just to reverse the tradition.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

At one place, where an address was to be delivered to the President, the duty of pronouncing it was committed to a maimed veteran, both of whose arms had been amputated. Just before the hour for the ceremony had arrived, a local functionary said to the veteran:  
"Are you sure you know your speech?"  
"Know it," he exclaimed, confidently, "why, I've got it right at my fingers' ends!"

## Five Little Fakes.

The waiter in a bustling restaurant always "sets the table" in a roar.

Teacher—Now, children, which State produces the most corn? Pupil—Kentucky. Teacher—Wrong. Why do you say Kentucky? Pupil—Kentucky has the most kernels.

Johnny—I wonder why I can't make my kite fly? Elder Sister—Perhaps the caudal appendage is disproportionate to the superficial area. "I don't think that's it. I believe there isn't weight enough on the tail."

Judge (bald-headed)—If half what the witnesses testify against you is true your conscience must be as black as your hair. Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

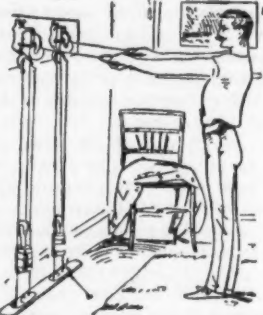
Old Gentleman (at his daughter's wedding)—My dear, I don't see how I am to get along without you. Bride—Never mind, pa. Since the ceremony was performed my husband has confessed that he hasn't enough saved to go housekeeping, so you may not lose me, after all.

## The Last Straw.

Mr. Mushroom—I wish you would send one of these invites to old Skeesicks and his wife.

Mrs. Mushroom—What! Them vulgar Skeesicks! I won't do it.

Mr. Mushroom—Of course, they ain't so blamed cultured; but they can study up a little. Mrs. Mushroom—For heaven's sake, Jeremiah! You'll be wanting me to ask our fathers and mothers here next.—*America.*



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SATIN Russe	"	"	-	60c. "
NEGUS TAPESTRIES	"	"	-	75c. "
LINEN MALY STRIPES	"	"	-	85c. "

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# CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 126 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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Cure your Cough before you are beyond reach of human care or skill. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, properly administered, is a certain and speedy cure for all Throat and Lung Diseases. It is not a mere syrup, or cheap cough mixture, but a scientific preparation of great merit. \*\*I used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, last spring, for a severe Cough, and for Lung troubles, with good effect. It completely cured me.—Harvey Baughman, Proprietor Globe Hotel, Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

## DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.

After other medicines failed, I was specially cured of a dangerous Cough by the use of two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.—Rev. W. J. Chaplin, Pastor of the New Covenant Church, Chicago, Ill.

About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect.—Charles Mescham, Westfield, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have ever found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures.—J. P. Depoy, Londonderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to cure for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, I finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price 25c; six bottles, \$1.50.







## Noted People.

Lady Tennyson, wife of the Poet-Laureate, is a niece of Sir John Franklin, of Arctic exploration fame.

Doctor Mary Walker has sent a petition to the United States Senate, asking the appointment of a national committee to prescribe the costumes to be worn by women.

Sarah Orne Jewett is said to be the prettiest of Boston's literary women. She is the daughter of a Maine sea-captain, and is a dark-haired, graceful woman, with a Madonna-like face.

Lord Brassey's wedding had a very nautical flavor. The bridegroom's little nephews were in attendance wearing white sailor suits, and all the crew of the Sunbeam were present. The bride, Miss Sybil Capell, was a handsome woman in her satin and lace.

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago occupies a distinguished place in her profession, and earns an income of eight or ten thousand dollars a year. She is a native of New Orleans, with the Southern warmth of manner and the Northern practicality, and makes it her pleasure to help less capable women than herself to a self-supporting position.

During the Franco-Prussian War, Prince Bismarck found a French baby boy sleeping in his bed, left there, as a note stated, by a woman desperate from want, whose husband had been killed at Sedan. The prince gave the child into the care of a competent nurse, and later had him thoroughly educated as his son. The child is now a young man, and is exceedingly fond of his adopted father.

The Emperor William, his brothers and sisters, his children, and all his Hohenzollern ancestors born since 1722 have been successively rocked in the family cradle of that illustrious house, or enthroned thereon during the court procession which adds splendor to each royal christening. The ancient couch is a clumsy structure of old oak, richly carved, round whose four sides is cut, in large Roman characters, the text: "He hath given His angels charge over thee, that they keep thee in all thy ways."

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the celebrated Paris correspondent who announced that the engagement of the Duc d'Orleans to his cousin, the Princess Marguerite, was broken off, is probably right in what she says, for she knows more about French family secrets than any living foreigner. She has the Irish faculty of knowing who everybody's great-grandmother was, and has at her fingers' end every peccadillo that great-grandmother was guilty of. The result is the Parisians are very polite to her, for they live in mortal dread of her sweeping out dry bones from their family closets.

Edward W. Bok, who is now in London, writes this about London's literary lion: "Rudyard Kipling has, undoubtedly, taken literary London by storm, and wherever I went his name was brought up. Kipling is twenty-four years old, easy in his ways, and is made the center of every group wherever he goes. While English women concede that he is not handsome, they allow, as one woman confided to me, that 'he is striking looking and attractive.' If he were to work steadily for the next three months every hour in the day and night, it would be impossible for him to fill his orders."

The trade of an Emperor is thought to unfit a man for most other employments, but Don Pedro, ex-sovereign of Brazil, finds plenty to do. He is living at Versailles, in rather feeble health, but he spends much time in studying the gallery pictures; he is digging hard at Sanskrit and Hebrew, with daily lessons from a famous German professor; and as he is a corresponding member of all the important scientific associations of Europe, he fills up any chinks of leisure with scientific reading or writing. Besides this, he cultivates music, and greatly enjoys the visits of the clever people who go to see him.

Miss Fay Fuller of Tacoma, Wash., has lately made the ascent of Mt. Tacoma, which only twenty-eight men, and no woman before her, have ever accomplished. The mountain is 14,444 feet high. At 12,000 feet, the wind blew a hurricane over the unbroken snow. Miss Fuller, with the rest, slept in a cave on the summit, where the steam-jets from the crater looked like a row of boiling tea-kettles, but where her shoes were frozen stiff, and the blankets, wherever the steam had touched them, covered with ice. The descent was even more perilous than the ascent had been, and the resolute young woman suffered much from exposure and exhaustion, but never once flinched.

The following notes about Thomas Hardy, perhaps first among living English novelists, are of interest: "He is a Dorsetshire man by birth and habitation, and an architect by trade. Not till he was thirty-four did he make a literary success, when Far from the Madding Crowd, published anonymously in the Cornhill in 1874, gave him a reputation, and called public attention to his earlier stories. Mr. Hardy finds his Dorsetshire inexhaustible, and his peasants are Shakespearian in their richness of quality. He is not only a close student of human nature and a wonderful etcher of character, but a marvelous landscape painter, the very air and light and fragrance of Dorsetshire being shut into his books."

A Paris searcher for interesting reminiscences of the Empress Eugenie, when she was Mlle. Montijo, learns that before her engagement was officially announced she and some of her many friends vowed to each other that whoever among them made a good match should help her other friends in life. A few days after they had made this promise, Mlle. Montijo went to the Hotel du Rue Bac and informed her friends she was about to become empress. After she had left them the Saxon minister saw her, and, turning to the young girl said: "Laugh to-day with your friend, young ladies, for after to-morrow you will have to maintain a grave and respectful demeanor in her presence, for," continued the diplomatist, "she is about to become empress." After her marriage, however, the empress called her young companions to her and begged them to treat her as before, "for," she said, "I shall be much alone at the palace, and shall weary of all the etiquette which surrounds me."

## In War Times—A Southern Steam-boat Race.

"That's the Senator, and she's gainin' on us," said the pilot, as we walked forward, pointing to a thin column of smoke rising over the trees just abreast of us.

"How far astern?"

"A matter of two mile round that point."

"Splendid night for a race," muttered Styles.

Almost imperceptibly our speed slackens, the thin, dark column creeps nearer round the trees on the point in our wake; at last the steamer bursts into sight, not a pistol-shot astern.

There is a sharp click of our pilot's bell, a gasping throb, as if our boat took a deep, long breath; and just as the Senator makes our wheel we dash ahead again, with every stroke of the piston threatening to rack our frail fabric into shreds.

The river here is pretty wide and the channel deep and clear. The Senator follows in gallant style, now gaining our quarter, now a boat's-length astern—both engines roaring and snorting like angry hippopotami; both vessels rocking and straining till they seem to paw their way through the churned water.

Talk of horse-racing and rouge-et-noir! But there is no excitement that can approach boat-racing on a southern river. One by one people pop up the ladders and throng the rails. First come the unemployed deck-hands, then a stray gentleman or two, and finally ladies and children, till the rail is full, and every eye is anxiously strained to the opposite boat.

She holds her own wondrous well, considering the reputation of ours. At each burst, when she seems to gain on us, the crowd hold their breath; as she drops off again there is a deep-drawn, gasping sigh of relief.

Foot by foot we gain steadily until the gap is widened to three or four boat-lengths, though the Senator plies her fires till the shores behind her glow from their reflection; and her decks—now black with anxious lookers—send up cheer after cheer as she snorts defiantly after us.

Suddenly the bank seems to spring up right under our port bow! We have cut it too close! Two sharp, vicious clicks of the bell; our helm goes hard down, and the engines stop with a sudden jar, as I catch a hissing curse through the set teeth of the pilot.

A yell of wild triumph rises from the rival's deck. On she comes in gallant style, shutting the gap and passing us like a race horse before we can swing into the channel, and recover headway. It is a splendid sight as the noble boat passes us, her black bulk standing out in the clear moonlight against the dim, gray banks like a living monster, her great chimneys snorting out volumes of massive black smoke that trail out level behind her from the great speed. Her side toward us is crowded with men, women, and children; hats, handkerchiefs, and hands swing madly about.

Close down to the water's edge, scarce above the line of foam she cuts, her lower deck lies black and undefined in the shadow of the great mass above it. Suddenly it lights up with a lurid flash as the furnace door swing wide open, and in the hot glare the negro stokers, their stalwart forms jetty black, naked to the waist, and streaming with the exertion that makes the muscles strain out in great cords, show like the distorted limbs of some pictured inferno. They, too, have imbibed the excitement. With every gesture of anxious haste, and eyeballs starting from their dusky heads, some plunge the long rakes into the red mouths of the furnace, twisting and turning the crackling mass with terrific strength; others hurl in huge logs of resinous pine already heated by contact till they burn like pitch. Then the great doors bang to; the yowl of the negroes dies away, and the whole hull is blacker from the contrast; while the Senator, puffing denser clouds swings the point a hundred yards ahead!

There is a dead silence on our boat—silence so deep that the rough whisper of the pilot to a knot around him is heard the whole length of the deck: "Damnation! but I'll overstep her yet or bust!"

"Good, old man!" responds Styles. "Let her out and I'll stand the wine!"

Then the old colonel walks to the wheel, his face purple, his Glengary pushed back on his head, his cigar glowing like the "red eye of battle" as he puffs angry wheezes of smoke through his nostrils.

On we speed, till the trees on the bank seem to fly back past us, and round the point to see the Senator just turning another curve!

On still, faster then ever, with every glass on board jingling in its frame, every joint and timber trembling!

Still the black demons below ply their fires with the fattest logs, and even a few barrels of rosin are slyly slipped in. The smoke behind us stretched straight and flat from the smoke-stack.

Now we enter a straight, narrow reach, with the chase just before us. Faster, faster we go till the boat fairly rocks and swings from side to side, half lifted with every throb. Closer and closer we creep—harder and harder thump the cylinders—until at last we close, our bow just lapping her stern! So we run a few yards.

Little by little—so little that we test it by counting her windows—we reach her wheel, pass it, lock her bow, and run nose and nose for a hundred feet!

The stillness of death is upon both boats; not a sound but the creak and shudder as they struggle on. Suddenly is heard the hard voice of our old pilot:

"Good-by, Senator! I'll send yer a tug!" and he gave his bell a merry click.

Our huge boat gives one shuddering throb that racks her from end to end, one plunge, and then she settles into a steady rush, and forges rapidly ahead. Wider and wider grows the gap; and we wind out of sight with the beaten boat five hundred yards behind.

The cigar I take from my mouth, to make way for the deep, long sigh, is chewed to perfect pulp. A wild, pent-up yell of half-savage triumph goes up from the crowded deck. Cheer after cheer follows, as we approach the thin column of smoke curling over the trees between us.

I doubt if heartier toast was ever drunk than

that the colonel gave the group around the wheel-house, when Styles "stood" the wine plighted the pilot.

The veteran was beaming as he said: "Egad! I'd miss my dinner for a week for this! Gentlemen, a toast! Here's to the old boat! God bless her—soul!"

## The Cyclone.

"And behold there came a great wind from the wilderness and smote the four corners of that house."—Job.

The burly Wind walked forth to find  
Some pleasant place, some place to sing,  
To pipe, to play, to laughing hind  
The corn in gold for harvesting.

He heard a maiden sing; he laughed and sang  
The while he wrought till all the cornfields rang.  
And then he, laughing, turned about  
To seek the woods where he had played  
For once past. But lo! a shout  
Burst from his lips. He, shrieking, laid  
His two hands forth, like Samson when he died,  
And consternation was; and Death his bride!

The homeless Wind! The Wind unhoused!  
This wind that brought us corn and wine,  
The Wind was as a lion roused!  
'Twas Samson and the Phillistine. . . .  
Go build again. But when ye build, I pray  
Build ye a house wherein the Wind can play.

Give me the Wind, the glorious Wind,  
The wide-winged, wondrous winds of God  
That go or stay, or loose or bind,  
Or walk the sea, or rend the sod;  
But give the Wind that gives us wine and corn  
Some place to bide wherein his strength was born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## Trinity Talk.

Mr. W. H. White, B.A., who is now residing at Kingston, was a visitor at college last week.

Mr. C. S. MacInnes has been spending a few days at his home in Hamilton.

The Trinity Glee Club filled its first engagement last evening at St. Stephen's schoolhouse. The glee, The Image of the Rose, was well rendered and Mr. Ewyn, who took the solo part in Who's That Calling so Sweet, was loudly cheered. Mr. Abbott, the business manager, was indeed lucky in securing Mr. Ewyn, whose assistance in the solo parts will be most valuable.

The first meeting of the Science Association for the year was held on Thursday evening last. The meeting was most successful, many interesting subjects being most ably discussed.

The day for the annual football match with 'Varsity is near at hand, and if the men will but take a little trouble for the remaining few days and get into some sort of decent trim, there is every reason to think the game will be an interesting one, not perhaps a victory for Trinity, but if the 'Varsity men do win, it will be after a hard contested game. I am glad to say of late the practices have been larger than usual, and the men appear to play with more vim. The forwards begin to display some desire to be near the ball. These are good omens, and now only let our team "play ball" next Thursday and the old order of things may be changed.

CÆCUS.

## Varsity Chat.

Hallowe'en is over, and the students had a most enjoyable evening. All the pent-up enthusiasm which they had collected since the supplemental examinations was allowed to escape. It appears that the manner in which the "cream of the culture of Canada" amused themselves did not meet with the tastes of a few of the free and independent, but what does a student care for public opinion, and, moreover, why should he concern himself about it? If anything interferes with his aestheticism, then so much the worse for such interference! The boys were out for enjoyment, and those from Old Varsity who had a "sportive choir" of policemen dancing along the streets, overcome by the soul-stirring melody of Old Grimes, say that their amusement was unalloyed. They got more fun that night at the Little Tycoon than on any other night at the theater during the past twelve months. To sweetly serenade the girls at the Ladies' College showed the true student spirit, and are we not advised to be true to ourselves. Who wouldn't be a student!

Mr. J. R. Mott, B.A., of Cornell, and Mr. C. A. Webster, B.A., of our own institution and now a medical student, addressed a meeting of the members of the Y.M.C.A. in the Varsity association hall last Monday evening. Sir Daniel Wilson presided. Mr. Mott is secretary of the Y.M.C.A. International association, and as he spoke his hearers could not but be impressed with the unity of purpose which characterizes all the associations. If facts and statistics are reliable at all the Y.M.C.A. associations among the students the world over are wielding a mighty power for good.

The students of the School of Practical Science have decided to set an evening apart for the purposes of a banquet. Mr. J. K. Robinson has been appointed chairman of a strong able-bodied committee to survey bills of fares and present a report of their observations at a future meeting when the time and place for partaking of the fruits of the land will be decided upon.

Mr. J. Cronyn has recently been appointed an assistant in the library.

Mr. A. J. McKinnon proved himself an able tactician as leader of the party in power in the mock parliament at the meeting of the Literary Society last week.

The annual rifle match of K company will be held to-day at the Garrison Common. Sergt. Badgerow by his energetic action has led a fine body of recruits to join the company.

The Oriental Club held its first meeting of the season last Tuesday night. Mr. T. L. Johnston presided.

Some time ago in debate in the Knox College Literary Society it was decided that the use of pledges should be discouraged by the church. In spite of this, two of the students took a pledge to refrain from the use of tobacco for two months. In five days, however, they

repented of this heresy and issued a proclamation revoking their former declaration. It is rumored that Human Depravity will be the subject for discussion in the near future among the students.

A member of the class of '91, when a freshman, was once asked by his fond and indulgent father what was the prettiest thing he ever saw in print? Glibly the innocent youth replied "a girl in a calico dress." A freshman of to-day who proudly boasts of the progress of culture says that at Christmas holidays he will tell his friends that "the prettiest girl that ever he saw" wore a college gown. To him pretty things have gone out of print. O, spring exams!

DRAX ALEEN.

## Spoken Aloud.



Elbert (who sees the old gentleman's shadow—Of course I disobeyed my father in going fishing, but when he finds out that I have taken a nice string to Mr. Cuttley, who holds our farm mortgage, I think he'll not chide me.)

Judge.

## Men Never Gossip.

"How you women do love to gossip!" exclaimed Jaysmith to his wife, as she came in from a conference with a neighbor.

"Oh, we don't gossip much," remarked Mrs. Jaysmith.

"Don't, hey! Why, two women can't meet without pouring into each other's ears an assorted lot of little-tat-tat. If men were as fond of gossiping about their neighbors as women are, they'd have no time to attend to business, and then you women would be in a nice fix, wouldn't you, with no money coming into the house. I can't imagine such curiosity as women have about other people's affairs."

"I'm sure I don't gossip, Mr. Jaysmith. You never hear me talking about my neighbors."

"No, sir, you don't! Why, when Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man last week, I saw her go, and I never breathed a word about it to a living soul."

"What's that?" exclaimed Jaysmith. "Mrs. McCrackle left town with a married man, and her husband in Europe on a business trip! That's rich. Last week, you said? Who was the man?"

"I don't see what you want to know for. Men don't like to gossip, you know."

"Oh, but this is different from ordinary gossiping. Who was the man? Where did they go? Has she come back?"

"No, she hasn't come back; but it seems to me you are asking a good many questions for a man who has no curiosity about other people's affairs."

"But, really, you must tell me. I think it is my duty to cable McCrackle about how his wife is carrying on in his absence."

"No, I shan't tell you anything more about it, Mr. Jaysmith. The first thing you know you'll be so deeply interested in Mr. McCrackle's affairs that you won't have any time to attend to business, and then I'd be in a nice fix, with no money coming into the house, wouldn't I?"

"Jennie—Mrs. Jaysmith—I insist on knowing all the facts about Mrs. McCrackle's reprehensible behavior. As her husband's friend, I demand that you tell me all you know about it, so that I can cable to him intelligently. Poor fellow! What a shock it will be to him! He was so fond of her, and she went away with a married man last week and hasn't come back. I'm afraid the elopement will drive him crazy."

"Elopement! Who said anything about elopement?"

"Why, you didn't?"

"Indeed, didn't?"

"Didn't you say Mrs. McCrackle had run off with a married man?"

"No, I didn't, and if you hadn't such a keen scent for gossip and such a curiosity about other people's affairs, you wouldn't have misunderstood me."

"Then what in the world did you say?"

"I said that Mrs. McCrackle had left town with a married man. And so she did. She went with her brother, who lives in the country, to stay there until her husband comes back from Europe."

But Jaysmith did not wait to hear all of this explanation. He slapped on his hat and went down the street and acted real cross.

## A Too Realistic Elocutionary Performance.

It was one of those evenings when there are all sorts of things to entertain the guests—piano playing, reading and half a dozen things; and the programme was so long that by the time it came the turn of Miss Bangs to edify the company with her remarkably elocutionary powers it was near midnight. The selection she read was one which had been written for her, but which she had never read in public. There had been a little notice of it in the society columns of the papers and public interest had been described as being on the tiptoe in regard to it, a painful attitude which Miss Bangs was to relieve by her performance.

Some of the guests had departed, but the rest arranged themselves in attitudes of the deepest attention and the elocutionist, in a wonderful flame-colored gown, came forward. She began in a smooth and suave manner to read a description of a certain night, and the guests, already wearied out, were in a moment soothed almost to slumber by the softness of her reading. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, Miss Bangs drew in a full breath and at the top of her lungs in a voice that seemed powerful enough to be heard half way across the city began literally to yell "Murder! Murder! Murder!"

The drowsy company was electrified. The ladies sprang to their feet and sat down again as they realized that this wild outburst was only part of the performance; while the hostess began to glance uncomfortably around to see if the windows were closed. Having given her shriek, the reader, apparently well pleased with the effect she had produced, fell back into a more moderate tone to relate what the effect of the cry had been on the man who heard it in silent night. She had gone on for a moment when hurried steps were heard, and in the doorway appeared the footman of the establishment, accompanied by a policeman whom in his nervousness he had hastily collected from the street.

Just at the moment the reader had come to another passage wherein she felt called upon

to screech "Murder!" at the top of her voice, and seeing the policeman in the doorway she extended toward him a pair of flamed-colored arms and shrieked in a voice which did credit to her training on the score of force at least, and which fairly made the welkin ring. The policeman may not have been very intelligent, but it was not wholly strange that under the circumstances he thought the young woman had gone mad. Without a word he rushed to her and caught her by her extended arms. She screamed then in good earnest, and instantly the hostess sprang forward to explain to the too-ready guardian of the peace what the state of affairs was; but the recitation was not continued. It was on the whole thought to be too realistic.—N. Y. Mercury.

## How He Won Her.

Jack (who has popped)—It takes you a long time to decide.  
Sally—I know. And I've about concluded to wear a dem-tain of white chiffon over white silk, and have no bridesmaids.—Judge.

## An Accomplished Musician.

She—Does she really know anything about music?  
He—Yes. She knows that I don't care to hear her play and sing.—Life.

## Practical Physiognomy.

Griggs—Why, that fellow's face would carry him anywhere.  
Diggs—Yes, indeed. You know he got into jail last week.—Life.

## Very Reprehensible of Her.

"Miss Weehawken just loads herself down with jimcracks of one kind and another," remarked Miss Bleeker.  
"Yes," replied Miss Beacon-Street of Boston; "she has a great fancy for James Interstices."—Judge.

## Peter Ragland's Defence.

Peter Ragland, the whitewasher, was arrested on a charge of having snatched a lady's pocketbook. "The proof," said the justice, "is so plain that further investigation is unnecessary."

"No, it ain't sah," the negro replied. "Dar's times when suthin' dat dun looks like proof shrivels up mighty when you fling de fire-light o' reason right strong down on de question."

"Well, but what fire-light of reason can affect the proof that you met this lady walking quietly on the street and you snatched her purse?"

"Now, jedge, lemme tell you suthin'. I wuz comin' laung de street, an' yere come de lady. She come er laung, she did, er holdin' out her money-bag dis er way (imitating), an' I thought dat she wuz offerin' it ter me, an' I tuck it, I did. I allus takes everything dat is offered ter me, sah."

"But why did you think that she was offering it to you?" queried the judge.

"Wall, you see my little daughter has been sick fer some time, an' de white folks has been powerful kind ter me—gibs me suthin' putty nigh ever' day, an' I thought dat dis lady yered erbout hit an' wanted me ter git some medicine."

"That's all very well, but what made you run so fast after snatching the purse?"

"Who, me?" he asked, "shuffling to gain time."

"Yes, you."

"W'y, jedge," he exclaimed, with the brightness of a sudden idea, "I wanted ter hurry on home ter carry de good news—wanted to tell my po' wife dat de puttiest lady I eben met in my life dun gib me money erout ter git all the medicine we want. Oh, no, sah, I ain't no han'ter poke erlaung when good news is er stirrin' up my heels. I hes seed white folks dat had been sent atter er doctor poke erlaung, but it ain't datter way wid me, fer when I think the puttiest white lady I eben seed as dun gib me money, I ain't gwine let er crap o' grass grow under my feet. Jes look at dat lady, jedge. Ain't she putty? Fo' de Lawd, she dun put me in mine o' my mistis laung fo' de wah. Putty ladies is er gittin' mighty scarce now. Oh, I knows 'em. Ole master useter say de 'Fete,' he'd 'low, 'ef I wuz az gooder jedge o' beauty ez you is, I wouldn't do nothin' but stan' roun' an' pick out wives fer dese good lookin' young men.' Now, jedge, I has dun gib my splanation, and fyou mer sen' me ter jail ef you wants ter."

"Judge," said the woman, coyly holding her head to one side, and "tittering" just enough to be girlish. "perhaps I was to blame. Indeed, I believe I offered him the purse, not thinking of what I was doing at the time. I think you ought to let him off."

A broad smile became epidemic in the court room. The justice said that the purse-snatcher was free.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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## A Proposal.

Jack Dash.—Charlie, what do you think Miss Passe said to me last night at the ball?  
Charlie Fast.—Can't imagine.

Jack Dash.—Well, she looked at me in a melting sort of way, and said, with a blush, "Jack, you are an indifferent sort of cavalier, so you must pardon me if I propose."

Charlie Fast.—Good heavens! you don't mean it?  
Jack Dash (continuing calmly).—"If I propose that you make an effort to reach the supper table before the seats are all appropriated."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## Who's to Blame.

Wife—Horror! Our daughter has eloped with your type-writing young man.

Husband—Well, you wouldn't let me hire a young woman.

## Enshrined in Crystal.

Downton—Why did you have such an ugly-looking cur as that stuffed and placed under a glass case?

Upton (with emotion)—That dog saved my life.

Downton—Well! well! How!  
Upton—When we got back from our wedding tour, my wife baked a cake for me and the dog ate it.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Perfectly Sober.

Miss Terriut—When mommer and I were in Yurrap, oh, the awfulest thing happened! There was a prince—and a count—and they fought a duel—about poor me—with pistols.

Yabsley—Ah! were they loaded?  
Miss Terriut—No, they weren't! They were just as sober as could be.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Following Suit.

He attained the proud title of Mr. And the pledged to be more than a Mr. So they stood at the altar And never did he falter, When he bent o'er and solemnly swore.—Buffalo Express.



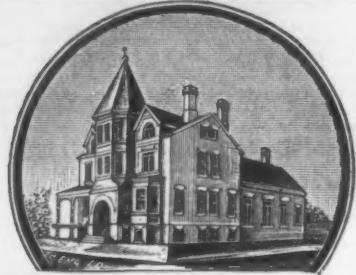








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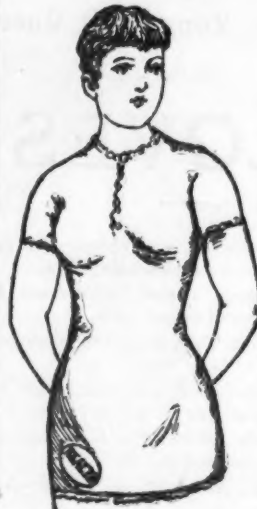
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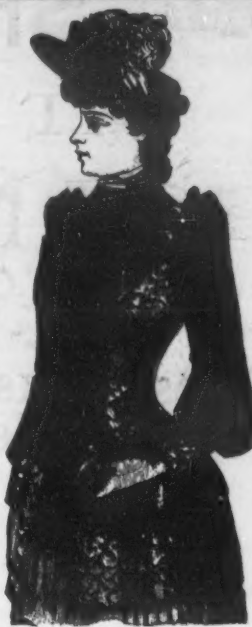
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FARNCOMB—At Newmarket, on October 30, Mrs. Farncomb—a daughter.

FRATT—At St. Thomas, on October 30, Mrs. E. C. Pratt—a son.

ROSS—At Whitby, on October 30, Mrs. George A. Ross—a daughter.

### Marriages.

BARBER-FREEMAN—On October 22, 1890, at the Church of the Holy Communion, Rock Springs, Wyo., by Rev. Isaac Dawson, Robert Brock Barber of Georgetown, Ont., to Agnes Alexander Cobban, daughter of Wm. Freeman, M.D., formerly of Georgetown, Ont.

LANSING—WATT—At Niagara Falls, N.Y., on October 30, Watts S. Lansing to Julia M. Watt.

PARK—EVANS—At Toronto, on October 23, Maggie E. Evans, to Herbert S. Park, both of Toronto.

BAKER—PORTER—At Port Hope, on October 29, W. H. Baker of Toronto to Maria A. Porter.

FERGUSON—JACKSON—At Mallorytown, on October 29, William Ferguson to Lizzie Jackson.

McMILLAN—RYAN—At Port E. Ryan, on October 29, Jas. McMillan of Petrolia to Nettie Ryan.

MAKES—BRIGHT—At Toronto, on November 4, John W. Makes to Lottie Bright.

McLAREN—BEATTIE—At Guelph, on October 10, Rev. James Malcolm McLaren, B.A., of Elmhurst, Ont., to Elizabeth Beattie.

O'NEILL—SANDERSON—At Toronto, on November 3, John O'Neill of LaJunte, Col., to Nellie Sanderson of Detroit.

### Deaths.

McLACHLAN—At King Township, on October 29, Mrs. Hugh McLachlan, aged 75 years.

LOADER—At Winnipeg, Man., October 29, Mrs. F. E. Loader, aged 82 years.

DEVLIN—At Maple, on November 4, Mrs. Eleanor Devlin, aged 75 years.

RODDEN—At Toronto, on November 4, Mrs. Catherine Rodden, aged 55 years.

MORGAN—At St. Thomas, October 25, George Webster Morgan, aged 90 years.

SEATH—At Toronto, on November 4, Mrs. John Seath, aged 70 years.

FITZGERALD—At Toronto, on November 3, Mrs. Richard Fitzgerald, aged 60 years.

HENDERSON—At Jamaica, Long Island, on November 29, John Henderson.

BLACKBURN—At Toronto, on November 3, Mary Blackburn, aged 69 years.

ROBLIN—At Bowmanville, on November 1st, James Roblin, aged 71 years.

GRIFFITH—At Toronto, on November 1, Mrs. Thomas Griffith.

RENNIE—At Hamilton, November 1, Elizabeth Rennie.

VINCENT—At Toronto, on November 1, Very Rev. C. Vincent, V.G.

SKELDING—At Scarborough Village, on November 2, Thomas Skelding, aged 75 years.

BALDWIN—At Tiverton, Devonshire, on November 4, Mrs. Isabella Baldwin.

JOHNSON—At Toronto, on the 4th inst., Charles F. Johnson, aged 29 years.

HINDS—At Springfield-on-the-Credit, November 3, Alan Spilbury Hinds, aged 7.

PATTINSON—At Toronto, on Oct 31, John Edward Pattinson, aged 9 years.

PFALT—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. Salome Pfalt, in her 77th year.

STINSON—At Toronto, on October 31, Margaret Susanna Stinson, aged 25 years.

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